

The Warlock's Destiny
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Summary: Due to a malfunctioning Warp Engine, a lone Guardian is forced to crash-land in the most unlikely of places. Hogwart's School of Witchcraft and Wizardry, three thousand years in the past. She will face monsters, bad politics, and a certain dastardly duo who will stop at nothing to prank her.

1. Chapter 1

"Guardian? Eyes up, Guardian." A small, tetrahedral drone hovered over the body of a thin, armor clad girl, trying to wake her up. Its technical designation was Ghost, but the Guardian it served alongside named him Little Light. In return, his Guardian wanted him to call her by the only name she could remember, Stella Black. "Stella? Can you hear me? Please wake up. We are not safe here..." The small AI didn't like the look of the large crack that spiderwebbed across Stella's black helmet.

He paused as a soft groan left the prone form of Stella. She stirred slowly, "Light? What happened?" A second groan escaped her. Flashes of memory hit her in painful waves. The warp engines getting hit by the Hive, activating them and sending the small craft careening away at FTL. Then the forced ejection of the warp engines, allowing them to limp to a halt over some unknown planet. Only it wasn't unknown, but Earth... or sort of. There were insane amounts of radio chatter on all wavelengths, including those that hadn't been used since before the golden age! The shock of it made her freeze up. Then an explosion ripped through the cabin, throwing her into the back of the that... It was a blur. She could vaguely recall something slamming into her helmet, causing her to black out. Her eyes finally focused properly, and she began thanking the Traveller's Light that she wore her helmet everywhere. She sighed softly, "Little Light, could you remove my helmet and begin repairs on the ship? I'll start scouting the area, see if any humans are nearby."

"I'm sorry, Stella, but the ship broke up in the atmosphere. I was able to transmat you and most of your armor and weapons out of the

craft before it detonated over the English Channel. We are currently in northern Scotland. According to unencrypted channels, the warp malfunction resulted in a temporal displacement of minus three thousand years, plus or minus a -"

"Light, just get the helmet off. I don't want to deal with when we are..." There was a bright flash as her helmet vanished, revealing the pale, grey-blue skin and ethereal green eyes of an Awoken. She brushed some of her messy black hair from her eyes and peered around carefully. They were in some sort of forest. Tall, foreboding trees rose up to touch the night sky. She could hear small creatures, and some not so small. "Light, is there any suitable shelter nearby?"

The Ghost shifted its metal pieces slightly. "If I remember correctly, there is a large castle approximately half a kilometre west of our position."

Stella nodded and drew a hand cannon from a holster on her hip. It was an old 21st century model called Desert Eagle. She always had it ready in case she was unable to access her armor. "Any signs of life?"

"Unfortunately, yes. So, stealth is of utmost importance now."

She flicked the safety off and began making her way through the forest. "I suppose I need something to help me blend in. Try to make something acceptable to wear in this era that will also cover my face and hands."

"Already ahead of you on that one. I believe I have found a few styles that will work."

"The simplest one. I don't need to attract attention."

"Yes, Guardian."

Stella shifted uncomfortably as her armor vanished, leaving the girl in her undergarments. She hated not having the armor, but there was nothing to do about it. She needed to be invisible. The air around her hummed as Little Light began constructing a new set of clothes. Her curiosity was piqued when she felt something much lighter than her armor form. It was softer, not to mention much more flexible. She looked down at herself and blinked in surprise. She now wore a black cotton shirt and blue jeans under a hooded leather duster. Her hands were also covered by black leather gloves and she wore knee high boots. Though admittedly strange, Stella found that she quite liked the new look. She nodded in approval as they neared the edge of the forest. "Thank you, Little Light. I -"

"Who's there?"

Stella froze and her Ghost vanished into her head at the sound of a gruff, female voice.

"I know you're out there! Come on out and I won't set Fang on you!"

I believe we've been caught, Stella._

She cursed silently. Whoever it was must have seen her Ghost's glow.

There was no hiding now... Slowly, the young Guardian slid the massive handgun into her new duster and approached the voice. Only to freeze the moment she was in sight of a short stocky woman pointing a stick at her.

The strange woman brandished the thin piece of wood like a weapon. "What do you think you're doing girl? Why are you in the Forbidden Forest?"

Stella remained silent, letting the woman do the talking. Maybe she could learn something.

The woman must have mistaken her silence for fear, because she immediately lowered the stick, "What's wrong girl? Kneazle got your tongue?"

What the heck is a Kneazle?

Never mind trying to get any information. The woman was clearly mad. Calmly, she drew her gun and pointed it at her. "Ma'am, I am going to need you to surrender all of your weapons and money. It is nothing personal, I'm just not in the mood to-"

A flash of light erupted from the tip of the stick, jerking the gun out of her hand and sending it spinning away. She dove to the side, attempting to reach her weapon, only to be hit with an invisible force that paralyzed her. She hit the ground with a heavy thud, straining to escape the unseen bonds.

'Light, stay hidden! I can't afford to lose you!'

Understood...

The woman with the light throwing stick stomped over to the petrified Guardian, revealing that she had a wooden leg. "Let's see who you are dearie. I have no clue what a muggle is doing here at Hogwarts, but you must be terribly- Oh my goodness! What are you?" The woman had turned Stella over, causing the hood to fall away and reveal her inhuman appearance. Stella could feel panic rising up to consume her, and she began struggling even harder. She couldn't breath. The desire to break free was so great that she could feel it building up within her, blocked by a mental wall. She raged against it, forcing her way through. An unheard crack resounded through the recesses of her mind and the bonds vanished with a flash. The woman was so surprised at Stella's escape that she was unable to stop her as she took off towards the castle, scooping up her gun along the way.

"Little Light... That woman just froze me with a stick."

_Yes. I noticed. I suggest we find the nearest human in charge of the castle. _

Stella could hear the worry in her Ghost's voice. She picked up the pace, duster flying out behind her. The castle loomed over her, causing her to give pause. The moment of hesitation was just long enough to alert her to the sound of the human trying to catch up. She spun around, gun ready.

The woman held up her hands, "Hold on, girlie. I'm not going to hurt

you. I'm Professor Grubbyplank. Can you tell me your name?"

Introductions? Stella frowned. What should she do?

Maybe you should try to explain what happened. There seems to be more to this woman than meets the eye... Just don't panic and don't reveal too much.

"Don't panic. That's easy for you to say..." She muttered irritably. While an excellent liar, Stella had no way to explain her behavior. It appeared she had no choice, but to tell the truth. Clearing her throat, she spoke to the woman. "I am Stella Black, Warlock Class Guardian. My craft's warp engine was damaged, causing a catastrophic systems failure and a temporal displacement of three thousand years. What year is it and who is in charge of this structure?" Stella winced as her Ghost lit into her. "Don't even start it, Light! I'm the one talking here, not you."

"Excuse me, but would you mind explaining what you just said? I don't quite understand ummm... Well, any of it. Also, who are you talking to?"

"My Ghost. And I mean exactly what I said. My personal craft was attacked, critically damaging my warp engine. It malfunctioned and sent me back three thousand years. Now, answer my questi-"

"STUPIFY!"

Stella dove to the ground, barely avoiding a jet of red light passing over her head. She rolled to her feet, free hand glowing a fierce purple. Her eyes locked onto a pink haired girl raising a stick.
'She's going to cast a spell...'

As soon as the thought entered her head, a blinding pain hit her. Images flashed through her mind at a sickening pace. She was vaguely aware of Little Light leaving her head and yelling her name. The pain crippled girl wanted to call out to her friend. She wanted to do anything to communicate what she was seeing. There was so much information. But it wasn't just random knowledge, what she was seeing were her memories. Not that it mattered to her. All she wanted was for the excruciating pain to stop.

Eventually, the shock of the pain overcame her, and she sank into oblivion.

2. Chapter 2

_ "Colloportus on my mark! That should buy the arks some time!"_

_ "Men, kill anything that pokes its ugly head out! We won't be leaving this planet alive!"_

_Stella stood shoulder to shoulder with a group of people wearing a mixture of long flowing robes and military uniforms. They were wielding a wide variety of wands, staffs, and high powered weapons. A series of bright lights went off behind her, and she turned to see

the doors to a massive cosmodrome hardening. A terrifying chorus of roaring and gunfire causing her to jump in surprise and spin around. Behind her, the men with guns were firing at the Fallen. Their guns tore into the weak armor of the Dregs, who took cover behind rows of cars. It seemed that they would win the day and survive, but it was all for naught. A bright blue object sailed over the cars and latched onto one of the men, detonating in an explosion of heat and viscera. The men closest to him were thrown aside like ragdolls, screaming in agony. Dregs advanced from all sides, boxing them in and shooting the remaining groups down. Stella was able to jump inside an open car, taking a shot to the leg as she did. The Awoken girl stifled a cry of pain with her free hand, holding her wand in front of her with trembling fingers. The Dregs grunted in a gurult tongue as they searched for her. She could hear them getting closer. One of the hideous things jumped in front of her and she screamed, "Bombarda!" A jet of white light erupted from the tip of her wand, detonating on the Dreg in a massive explosion of heat and sound. Eyes unfocused and ears ringing, she blearily gazed out of the car. Were they gone? Did they think she had killed herself? One second passed, then another. It looked like she was safe..._

A scream of pure terror escaped her as a large hand reached in and dragged her out. She was thrown to the ground, eliciting an agonized scream as she landed on her injured leg. She rolled over, wand ready, only to have her next spell cut off abruptly as a Dreg blade slammed into her chest. The harsh, alien steel slid through her with terrifying ease, exiting with her dark blood dripping from it. She clutched weakly at the wound, unable to draw air into her now collapsed lungs. A loud roaring sound was building up in her ears and darkness ate away at her vision. Her heart beat once.

Twice.

Then, nothing.

Was she dead? Darkness surrounded her, stretching away into oblivion. She could feel time passing. Hundreds of years passed in a single second. At the same time, a single second felt like an eternity. Wait. Was the darkness growing lighter? She could hear a familiar voice in the distance, or was it close? If only she could see past this suffocating darkness...

..."...s up, ...rdian."

What did he say?

_ "Eyes up, Guardian."_

Eyes up? Maybe he wanted her to look up...

"Eyes up, Guardian."

Stella sat up with a jolt, chest heaving and eyes wide with panic. She clutched at her chest, searching for the fatal wound she had received in her memory.

"Guardian. Stella, please calm down. You are safe."

Slowly, her breathing eased and she began looking at her

surroundings. She was in a long room with two rows of neatly made beds against the walls. Bedside curtains were pushed open and appeared to be suspended by nothing. Tall glass windows provided the only light. The whole room seemed familiar somehow. Suddenly, it dawned on her. "The Infirmary..." she breathed.

Little Light hovered down to look at her closely, "Stella, have you been here before?"

She nodded carefully. "We're in Hogwarts. Light... I think some of my memories came back after that pink haired girl tried to stun me."

"That is excellent news, Stella. If you'll excuse me, I must inform Nurse Pomphrey that you are awake."

The floating AI wandered off in search of the nurse, leaving Stella to her own thoughts. The young Guardian looked at the infirmary, struggling not to grin like an idiot. She remembered being in here a lot, but why? The image of a small, golden ball with wings popped up in her thoughts, The Golden Snitch. She snorted in amusement as the mystery of her driving skills was solved. She had been a Seeker on her Quiditch team.

"Ah, I see our resident Guardian has finally woken up."

Stella jumped in surprise, hand going for a gun that wasn't there. She clenched her fist, forcing her pounding heart to calm down. Her ethereal green eyes raked the room, landing on an old man in magenta robes. Half moon spectacles rested on a crooked nose and bright blue eyes sparkled merrily as they looked upon her. She frowned as his words registered, "How do you..."

"Know what a Guardian is? Your Ghost explained your situation. How are you feeling, Miss Black?"

Stella peered at the old man warily. He gave off the same aura as the Speaker, and yet it was tainted. As if he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. "I feel fine considering the fact that I just relived my death."

Sorrow clouded the man's gaze and he nodded, "Yes, your Ghost explained how a Guardian is made. I am sorry for what happened to you. No child should have to suffer through that. Unfortunately, it appears you have been pulled from one war and thrust into another."

She glared at the old man, "What do you mean, old man? Who are you, and what does your petty squable have to do with the Guardian Vanguard?"

"Ah, where are my manners? I am Albus Dumbledore, Headmaster of Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry. As for the war, it involves all of the Wizarding World. At its center, lies a boy with a lightning bolt scar, and a man seeking immortality." And so, Albus proceeded to tell Stella about Harry Potter and his battles against the Dark Lord Voldemort.

Somewhere in Potter's second year, a woman in an old fashioned nurse's dress stepped in to check on her. Seeing that she was awake

and lucid, the nurse nodded a greeting to Dumbledore and left them. Little Light drifted to Stella's side and listened to the Headmaster.

By the end of the story, Stella couldn't help but admire this Potter boy. He was certainly Guardian material, probably Titan Class if the stubbornness was anything to go by. But still... "I don't see why you're telling this to a warrior from the future."

Dumbledore sighed, "Unfortunately, the ministry is resolute in denying Voldemort's return. They have been lashing out at anyone who dares to speak out against them. Just last week, Harry was attacked by a pair of dementors sent by someone in the ministry loyal to Voldemort. And I just received word that the Undersecretary to the Minister of Magic is to be my Defense Against the Dark Arts professor. I want your help in defending the school, and in return, I will protect you from the Ministry of Magic."

Stella frowned and looked at her companion, "What do you think Light?"

The Ghost gave an electronic sigh, "I do not believe we have any other choice. We are stranded in the past with no foreseeable way of returning. This man is currently our only hope of survival and protection."

She nodded and turned her gaze upon Dumbledore, "I have an extra condition. Before I died, I went to this school. I believe I was killed during my seventh year. I wish to continue studying magic."

Dumbledore positively beamed at her, "Of course! That is an excellent idea! I believe we can meet with Arthur Weasley today in Diagon Alley when he is getting supplies for his children and Harry. And don't worry about paying for anything. Hogwarts has a trust fund for similar cases." He stood and headed for the door. "Follow me, please.

Stella nodded and pulled herself to her feet, "Light, let's try that duster again. I quite liked it."

"Of course, Guardian."

She pulled the hood of her duster up as soon as it was tangible, not comfortable being exposed like that. Quietly, the odd trio made their way through the castle.

"Oi, Dumbledore!"

For the second time that day, Stella reached for a nonexistent gun. She whirled around, hand halfway in her duster. The pink haired girl from last night yelped and tried to dive to the side, only to trip on her own robes and go sprawling on the floor.

Dumbledore smiled merrily, "Ah, Tonks. So glad you could make it. I would like you to take Miss Black here to Diagon Alley to meet with Arthur. She will be joining Hogwarts this year."

"Wha...?" Tonks looked up from her crumpled position on the stone floor. "Oh, hey. It's the Space Girl... Wait, she's a

Witch!?"

Dumbledore nodded, "Yes, she is. Now, I need to prepare for Madam Umbridge's arrival. Have fun you two." With that, he was gone.

Tonks stood and gazed at Stella curiously, "So, aliens can be magical too? Wicked."

Stella frowned, "Well, my race is actually an offshoot of the human race, so I'm not really an alien."

The pink haired girl just grinned, "Bloody hell. Humans are going to end up like that? Awesome. Sorry for trying to Stun you last night. I thought you were a threat."

She shrugged, "You don't have to apologize. It was you who helped me regain a large portion of my memories."

Tonks nodded and grabbed Stella's arm. "Let's go then!"

A surprised Stella was unable to react as she was dragged off by a crazy girl with pink hair.

3. Chapter 3

Stella collapsed on the ground, dry-heaving. Tonks stood over her, scratching her bubblegum-pink hair sheepishly. "Hey, are you okay?"

The winded Guardian waved her off in irritation, grumbling under her breath, "'Let's do side-along apparation,' she said. 'It'll be fun,' she said."

Next time, I'll just send them ahead with a marker and we can do a... Oh, there's no coverage here...

Stella groaned and pulled herself up. "Can we never do that again? I think I left my stomach in Hogsmeade..."

Tonks clapped her on the back, "Don't worry, it can be a bit rough for first timers... Although I haven't seen _that_ sort of reaction."

A harsh, barking laugh sounded of behind them, "Is that so, Tonks? I seem to recall you emptying two days worth of stomach contents in one go."

Tonk's face and hair turned a brilliant shade of scarlet, "Mad-eye!"

A grizzled old man stomped up to them. His good eye stared at Tonks, filled with mirth and amusement. But it was his other eye that put Stella on edge. It was a larger eye, with an electric blue iris. It was easily recognizable as a false eye, but Stella could tell it was magic. She knew it could see through the hood of her duster. The man grunted, "So you're the girl Albus was going on about. Care to introduce yourself, lass?"

Tonks opened her mouth to speak, but was cut off by a sharp grunt

from Mad-eye. Stella glanced at the two of them for a moment before realizing that this 'Mad-eye' must be some sort of authoritative figure, possibly ex-military. Auror, that's what the wizards called their soldiers, right? She straightened up and cleared her throat. "Stella Black, sir. Warlock Class Guardian. Sub-class, Voidwalker. I have completed seven years of service under the Guardian Vanguard, including missions on Earth, the Moon, Mars, Venus and Mercury, as well as the war against Oryx the Taken King."

Mad-eye gazed at her shrewdly, before nodding, "You and I are going to get along just fine." He held his hand out. "Alastor Moody, ex-Auror. My friends call me Mad-Eye for obvious reasons."

Stella peered at Alastor carefully before reluctantly extending her own hand and grabbing his, giving it a stiff shake. "It's a pleasure to meet you, sir."

The ex-auror nodded, "Tonks, Arthur wants you to take Stella to get her wand and robes while he gets the books and other supplies. Good luck with this one, Guardian. She's a complete klutz." He stomped away in search of Arthur, leaving Stella and a beet-red Tonks to take care of their own tasks.

"Damn you Mad-Eye..." Tonks muttered something about where Alastor could stick his eye, before turning to Stella. "So, I suppose Madam Malkin's is closer. Let's go get you some robes." Stella had to bite back a curse as Tonks grabbed her arm again, dragging her into the crowd. The pink haired girl glanced back at her curiously, "What's a Guardian, and why does it sound like you are some sort of soldier?"

Stella sighed, "Because that's exactly what the Guardian Vanguard is. It's the last dying gasp of Earth and Humanity. We defend the Last City on Earth against the Darkness and its followers."

"What's the Darkness?"

She frowned, trying to remember her training. "Think of the most evil thing you can think of. The Darkness is infinitely more evil. It is so evil, that it hates other evil. It seeks to devour all light in the universe."

Tonks shivered, "And you've been fighting this thing for seven years?"

Stella nodded grimly.

"Sorry for bringing it up... We can get your robes in here." she stopped in front of a small storefront and pulled the door open for Stella. "Don't worry about Madam Malkin seeing you. She doesn't care what you look like, as long as you don't move during... Damn, Luicias and Draco Malfoy are here."

Stella followed Tonk's gaze to a family of obvious wealth.

Hmm... Aristocrats, pedigree types by the look of them. These could be potential allies, Stella. I suggest you introduce yourself. _

She nodded and proceeded to make her way to the Malfoys, ignoring Tonk's hushed protests. As she approached them, she decided to pull

her hood down. After all, when it came to aristocrats and politics, the one who controlled where the power lay determined the outcome of the conversation, even in the Vanguard. "Hello, Mr. Malfoy."

She almost laughed at the sight of them recoiling from her outlandish appearance. This was one of the few times she was glad to be an Awoken. Her looks could sometimes throw off even the most well-spoken of politicians. A small smile did creep onto her face as the head of the Malfoy family hastily recovered and looked down at her in mild disgust, And ah... Who might you be?"

Stella had to restrain herself from rolling her eye as she said, again, "Stella Black, Warlock Class Guardian. Sub-class, Voidwalker. I'm from the distant future."

The mini-Malfoy glared at her, hatred evident in his eyes, "Get away from my father, you filthy mania-"

Stella fixed her gaze on him, shutting him up instantly with a bit of silent magic. Luckily, it worked, silencing him and giving her a bit more leverage, "I was talking to your father, boy."

The father looked at her in surprise, lifting the wandless charm with a flick of his own wand, "The future? Do you need to go to St. Mungo's? They might be able to fix your skin as well."

"Ghost, would you mind coming out? I need some help here."

All three of the Malfoys jumped at the sight of Little Light appearing in a flash, "Greetings, Magi. I am an Artificial Intelligence. Designation: Ghost. It is my job to assist my Guardian in tactical infiltration and transportation."

The senior Malfoy swallowed, trying to find his voice. Then he sneered, "So, Dumbledore has a new puppet to protect Potter? I feel sorry for you, truly."

Stella shook her head, "No. My only job is to defend Hogwarts and in return, he will defend me from the ministry and allow me to complete my seventh year."

Mr. Malfoy scoffed, "You honestly expect that senile old fool to protect you from the ministry? The people from the future must be complete fools."

She held up her hand before he could go on, "I was not finished, and no I do not expect him to do that. It is obvious that he has no pull with the ministry, seeing as his pet is being attacked by dementors sent by the ministry, not to mention an official from the ministry is being planted to watch and possibly usurp him. Oh, and the only protection he can give is a klutzy pinkette, a half crazed ex-auror, and some man named Arthur Weasley."

"The blood traitor? Pitiful."

Stella shook her head, "Seeing as the wizarding world is gone in my time, and was dying out before I died and became a Guardian, I have no preference when it comes to blood. However, I do recognize when-"

"What do you mean gone? The wizarding world is far older than the muggle world. In fact, the muggles are far bel-"

"So this advanced AI is below your magic? The interstellar transport that helped bring me to the past is below you? Granted, it blew up over the English Channel, but it was over two thousand years old with an outdated warp engine. Oh, and then there's the little fact of your pal Voldemort completely and utterly failing to achieve his goals." She paused to see how he reacted. The last statement was especially important. Stella said it on the off chance that he was one of these Death Eaters.

Lucius stared at her for a moment, carefully calculating his next move. "I assume you want me to keep the ministry away from you, yes? Well, that is going to require serious work."

"Father, you can't-"

"Draco, it is not your place to tell me what I can and cannot do. Now, what can you do for me, Miss. Black?"

'Gotcha,' she thought grimly. The young woman nodded, "Simple. I may not have any money, but I do know how you can make massive amounts fairly quickly."

Lucius grimaced, "Why do I get the feeling you have trapped me, Black?"

Stella winced inwardly. Now it was time to tread carefully. "You will have to work with muggles and technology. You have the finesse and the business know-how to start and run a company. With the weapons, devices, and manufacturing techniques of my time, I have the power to make you even richer and more influential in both worlds. Eventually, you can even lead the Wizarding World to the Muggles, merging the two in a Golden Age of magic and technology."

Lucius frowned, "Why on Earth would I work with Muggles? I'm a wizard!"

Stella nodded as if she agreed, "Yes, very good point. You are. But look around. Your pure blood agenda is halfway succeeding in causing the extinction of the Wizarding World. Magical UK is condensed into tiny little clusters of stick wavers too proud to accept help, while Muggles grow more advanced by the day. They already can accomplish things that your magic appears trivial. Something needs to change in order to save magic. Wouldn't you like to be the one to bring about that change and be held as a saviour instead of Potter?" Seeing Lucius hesitate with indecision, she decided to add a little more heat. "If you think I'm joking about the Muggles being more powerful, consider the fact that they have weapons that can destroy entire cities in an instant and make entire countries uninhabitable for centuries."

Lucius paled in horror, "They can do that!?" He closed his eyes and swallowed. "We will need to move to a new location. The Dark Lord is using our home as his headquarters. Draco, next time you see Potter and his friends, apologize and make peace. I don't care if Potter remains your rival, but it is high time the Malfoys return to the light... even if it is lead by that old fool."

Stella shook her head, "He may be old, but he's no fool. The man is using a Severus Snape as a spy, and it seems that he's grooming Harry to be a sacrificial lamb."

"WHAT!?" Tonk's and another woman fell out of a rack of school robes, landing in a heap on the ground. Tonk jumped up and drew her wand, pointing it at Stella's chest. "What do you mean by that?! Answer m-UGH!"

Stella lunged forward, sliding past the wand and slamming her fist into the hysterical girl's solar plexus. The force of the blow drove the air out of her lungs and lifted her up a few inches, where Stella held her, a perfectly calm expression on her face. "Calm down Tonks. Harry will not die. I am just making a vague guess based on the end of a prophecy made about the two of them: Neither can live while the other survives." She set Tonks on the ground and supported her while she regained her wind. "It sounds like one of them must die in order for there to be peace."

The other woman stood and looked at the odd scene, "M-mister Malfoy, your son's robes are ready..."

Stella looked at Lucius, "Do we have a deal, Lucius?"

The platinum blond man nodded, "Most definitely. Do you mind if we stay to discuss business?"

She shrugged, "I'm through here, so we'll be walking while we talk. We need to go to the wand shop before meeting with Mr. Weasley."

Tonks, still pale from the heavy blow, blinked in confusion, "What? But you still haven't bought your robes..."

"You're quite right. Ghost, scan school and dress robes, adjust for my size, and create new items."

"Understood, Guardian."

The AI floated to a rack of premade robes, scanning them with a bright beam of light. He quickly moved onto the dress robes, before returning to hover next to Stella, who gestured at the door, "Shall we?"

Lucius and the Guardian left the store, leaving Tonks and Draco behind. Draco looked at Tonks in confusion, unable to bring himself to be irritated. "Um... What just happened?"

Tonks stared after the receding figures, "Well, your father spilled the beans on you-know-who, Stella just disabled a trained auror without using magic, and the two of them are plotting... something to do with muggle technology and destroying the statute of secrecy."

The Malfoy scion nodded, "Just needed to make sure it was the world going crazy and not me."

The dazed duo numbly followed Stella and Lucius into the crowded alley.

4. Chapter 4

Stella flinched as another wand blew up in her hand, sending splinters everywhere. That was the third one in the past hour, and she was getting a bit tired of Ollivander's ramblings and the growing pile of wands that wouldn't cooperate with her. Lucius looked at her with a mixture of disdain and half-concern, as if he couldn't decide on being a stereotypical pureblood or an actual human.

Tonks looked genuinely worried that Stella was having so much trouble. She stood near Little Light, who was constantly muttering tidbits of encouragement.

Draco on the other hand, had no such qualms, "Honestly, are you a mudblood and a squib? I bet Longbottom didn't have this much trouble, and he barely passes for a wizard."

Stella glared at the arrogant boy, "I haven't touched a wand in over two thousand years. A good portion of that time was spent dead, so shut up before I show you why I chose Voidwalker as my path in the Warlock Vanguard." She turned back to receive her next wand and nearly jumped out of her skin. The silver-eyed Ollivander was standing right in front of her.

The old man cleared his throat, "When you say Vanguard, I assume you mean combat, correct?" The confused Guardian nodded slowly, and Ollivander muttered something, "That explains it... You need a wand made to channel raw power. Let me get you a combat wand."

The wandmaker shuffled to the back of the store, leaving Stella and the others in silence. Lucius shifted uncomfortably and cleared his throat, "As much as I would like to disagree with my son this time around, he has a point. You haven't shown any magical abilities at all, besides blowing up a few wands and somehow Silencing my son. Granted, we've only known you for a few hours, but still..."

Stella looked at the other three, "If you really think that, then let me show you something that has nothing to do with technology." She reached over to the pile of wands and picked out a discarded box from one of the now nonexistent wands. Slowly, she breathed in, concentrating on the Void energy that flowed through her. She held it back, letting it build up. Small ripples of purple light traveled up her forearm, hissing when they came into contact with the box. After a few seconds of this she hissed out a sharp breath, and a burst of Void energy blasted from her hand. The box vanished with an inverted flash.

Tonks's eyes widened to the size of dinner plates, "Wha- Did you just vaporize a box with pure magic!? How the- Since when could a wizard or witch do something like that? I've never even seen Dumbledore do that!"

Lucius scoffed, getting over his own amazement. Yes you have. It's called wandless magic, only in normal circumstances, it is given shape and direction. Magic is energy in a different form. Wizards and Witches can control this energy. What Miss Black did was nothing more than force a massive amount of her own magical energy into a box, effectively burning it out of existence. Although, I have to say I've never seen colored magic. Was that a spell?"

Stella shook her head, "No. It was a special energy named Void, a sort of anti-light magic. Think of it as using the darkest magic imaginable, without being corrupt. That is why I am a Voidwalker."

Draco coughed, "You use dark magic? But you aren't Dark? That doesn't make any sense."

She shrugged, "Try listening in classes. I'm sure they would be happy to explain."

A soft cough directed their attention to Ollivander, who had finally found the combat wand. It was a slim piece of black wood, with a thicker, slightly curved handle at the end to give an ergonomic grip and stabilized aim. The wand maker gingerly handed it to the girl, "Rosewood with Threstal bone dust, twelve inches from the handle. Nice and sturdy. Lucius if you wouldn't mind, the proper way to test a combat wand is in a duel. We can use the area out in front of the shop. I have wards to prevent stray spells from damaging the storefront and the surrounding area. However, I haven't used them in over seventy years, so let's try to be accurate with our spellcasting."

Lucius started, surprised by the request, "You want me to duel a schoolgirl?"

The girl in question frowned, "I don't think I told you this, but I spent two years in a warzone before being killed defending a ship evacuating Earth. Two thousand years later, I was brought back to defend the last of humanity. I served seven years as a Guardian, fighting entire armies and trying to recover some of what Earth lost. I am not a schoolgirl. I am Guardian."

He looked at the girl thoughtfully, nodding slowly. "Okay, girl, we will test your wand. Tonks will be your second, and er... Draco will be mine I suppose. Ollivander, prepare your dueling ring." With a sweep of his cloak, the man strode from the shop, followed closely by Ollivander.

Draco smirked smugly at Stella after Lucius left, "Bad choice, time traveller. My father is an expert duelist. He has never been beaten in a duel."

Tonks put a hand on Draco's shoulder, a mischevious look on her face. "Why don't we put a wager on it then? Shall we say, ten galleons?"

"You're on!"

The two of them left the shop, leaving Stella on her own. She rolled the new wand in her fingers, feeling a strange rush of Void energy mixed with something else. Magic. Stella was never one for the sort of worship style the others in her Guardian class were partial to, and rarely prayed. But now, she felt like she had when Little Light first woke her up. An old Voidwalker prayer came to mind, inspired by pre golden age texts... Slowly, she murmured the familiar words. "The Light is my shepard; there is nothing I lack. In green lands It makes me lie down; to still waters It leads me; It restores my soul. It reveals the correct path. I fight in the stead of It's absense. For

though I dwell in the land of the Darkness, I will not fall to my own darkness, for the Light supports and defends me as I defend It..."

With a soft sigh, the Guardian exited the shop.

Incoming!

Stella instinctively dove to the side, narrowly avoiding a bolt of yellowish energy. She rolled to her feet, silently thanking her Ghost as she brought her own wand up. Lucius stood in front of her, wand raised to cast another curse. They were inside a large ring within Diagon Alley. People gathered around to watch the match, not knowing what was going on. Stella flicked her own wand, sending an overpowered Bludgeoning Curse his way. The platinum blonde's curse quickly turned to a shield charm that was barely able to deflect the spell, which pulverized a section of the ground. Not letting up, she followed the curse with a series of rapid fire Stunners.

On your right!

She threw up a reflective shield barrier, returning a Banishing Charm back to its caster. Deciding to go for a more military approach, Stella began casting Piercing Charms.

The fast moving shield penetrators forced Malfoy to cast localized defensive spells designed to dissipate attacks. He had a look of astonishment on his face as he fought the assault with everything he had. This girl was unbelievable. Why on Earth did she want to go back to Hogwarts? She already fought better than most Aurors he had faced! It was time to return the fight. With a loud rush of wind, the man shot into the air, born aloft by a pillar of black smoke.

Unfortunately, that seemed to be the wrong thing to do. A strange sort of rage filled the girl's eyes, emphasizing the bright glow within the cowl of her duster. She stabbed her wand forward, and a massive ball of strange energy blasted from the wand. The same kind she used to obliterate the box. He cried out, and cast a barrier ward. The magical wall was strong enough to take a beating from several Aurors, and he knew that from experience. The ball slammed into the barrier, expanding into a much larger energy field with a silent hiss. He groaned as the strange, pulsating began draining his magic, eating away at the ward with terrifying ease. A cold sweat broke out on his forehead as he struggled to maintain his distance from the insidious energy. Lucius was almost ready to give up when the energy vanished, allowing him to drop to the ground, gasping for air.

Immediately, Stella had her wand pointed at his throat. The two of them froze like that, neither one willing to back off. Tonks hesitantly stepped up, "Uh... Stella? I think you won. Can you possibly stop acting like like a killer robot and calm down? You're kind of scaring everyone, including me."

Stella continued to stare at Lucius, barely breathing. The tip of her wand was trembling. Tonks realized that something was wrong and moved forward to try and assist her, only to stop at the sound of Alastor walking behind her. The battered man gently pulled the wand from Stella's grasp, murmuring softly to her. As soon as that happened,

Lucius staggered to his feet, "Ah... Alastor Moody. I take it Arthur isn't far behind?"

Moody growled, "Screw off, Death Eater."

He frowned, "Former Death Eater. If you don't believe me, I am willing to say that the Dark Lord has indeed returned. Also, I have information that is vital to the Order of the Pheonix and the Ministry of Magic."

The ex-auror straightened up, eying Lucius carefully. "Are yeh willing teh say this ubder the ibfluece of Veritaserum?"

"Yes, but there are certain things that must be done before that, namely getting this girl to wherever your Order is holed up, as well as myself. Voldemort does not take kindly to betrayal."

Alastor contemplated his decision for a few moments. "Tonks. Is what he says true? Has he turned coat?"

The pinkette nodded, "Yes sir. Stella made some sort of deal with him... I don't rightly understand it myself. We should probably get going. The ministry will be here soon."

Moody muttered something unpleasant, and grabbed Lucius. "If you're lying, nothing will save you." He pulled out a book, "Everyone with me touch the book."

As soon as everyone had grabbed the book, Stella felt a tugging sensation and the world vanished in a blur of whirling lights and sound.

5. Chapter 5

Stella hit the ground hard, knees buckling in an instant. She looked around at the spinning world, or was it her that was spinning? It didn't matter, because as soon as the portkey had finished transporting them, Moody had Lucius bound in conjured ropes and was barking orders to other people around him. Tonks just pointed her wand at Draco with a semi-apologetic look on her face. She staggered to her feet, keeping one hand on her hood to make sure her eyes were hidden. Wizards may accept her unusual appearance, but only after she proved to them it was natural.

"Black, go fetch a bottle of Veritaseurum. We have Lucius Malfoy here claiming to be one of us now."

Stella looked around in confusion, Why was he asking-

"Seriously!? Oh, this is going to be fun!" A man with shaggy black hair practically bounced out of yhe room, not bothering to hide his glee.

While the man went off in search of the truth potion, the house began to calm down. Of course, that's when everyone started taking notice of the new girl in the room. A man in tattered clothing sniffed softly, as if smelling the air. "Alastor... Is this the girl Dumbledore told us about?"

He grunted in confirmation, watching Lucius closely. A round, cheerful looking woman smiled at her, "Well, go on, dear. Introduce yourself."

Stella hesitated, not looking at her, "I... would rather wait until after you interrogate Mr. Malfoy. That way, I won't need to explain myself twice. Plus, I need to recover from that despicable mode of transportation."

The woman nodded, "Of course, sweetheart. Using a portkey can be disorienting for first timers."

"I have the Veritaserum, Mad-Eye! Now we can wring the snake for everything he's worth." The man from before burst into the room, a tiny green bottle in his hand.

Alastor grabbed the potion and jabbed his wand at Lucius. "Open your mouth, scum." The man obediently dropped his jaw, and Moody poured a few drops in.

Almost immediately, his eyes glazed over. Alastor gave the potion back to the shaggy haired man. In a gruff voice, he began the interrogation. "What is your name?"

"Lucius Malfoy."

"Do you know the location of the dark wizard calling himself, Lord Voldemort? If so, where is he?"

"I do. He has taken over my house."

"What are his cur rent plans?"

"He wishes to break into the Department of Mysteries to retrieve a prophecy concerning himself and Harry Potter."

Moody nodded in satisfaction as Lucius's eyes cleared, "One more question, Malfoy. Who's side are you on?"

The bound man nodded his head to Stella, "As long as she keeps her word, I am with her."

The grizzled auror frowned but decided not to press any further. He turned abruptly to see a long, flesh colored tube trying to make it past the Impervious charm cast on the door. "Mrs. Weasley, you can let the children in. I am sure they will want to meet Stella."

Mrs. Weasley opened the door, "Children, please come down to the kitchen. We have a few um... guests."

Four teenagers ran down the stairs. Two gingers who were obviously brother and sister, a bushy haired girl carrying a book, and a black haired boy wearing glasses. As soon as the last boy entered the room, he zeroed in on the Malfoys. "What the bloody hell are they doing here!?"

Mrs. Weasley cleared her throat, "Language, Harry. They're here becau-"

"You're Harry Potter?"

The-Boy-With-Too-Many-Hyphens-In-His-Name?"

Draco snorted, "Good one."

Harry blinked in confusion. "Umm... Yes? Though I don't think that was necessary... Who are you?"

Stella stared at him for a moment, "With the way Dumbledore described you, I would of had you pegged for a Titan class build. You look more like a very scrawny Hunter..." She shrugged. "As for myself, I am Warlock Class Guardian, Stella Black. Subclass: Voidwalker. I arrived here, from the future, when the warp engine of my craft, the Arcadian, was damaged. The resulting malfunciton launched my Ghost and I three thousand years backwards in time. Unfortunately, the Arcadian broke up over the English Channel, forcing my Ghost to carry my weapons, armor, and myself to the Forbidden Forest. Any questions so far? Please give me your name when speaking."

The girl in front raised her hand, "Hermione Granger. Ummmm... One, are you saying that you com from a time where traveling faster than light is possible? Two, what's a Ghost and a Guardian? Three, are you an alien? Four, according to Einst-"

"Slow down Granger. I can only answer so many questions at a time." Stella grinned lightly under her hood. "One, yes. We need it to travel from planet to planet. Two, a Guardian is a warrior brought back from the dead to defend humanity. As for the Ghost, why don't I let you see him after I'm done. Three, yes and no. I am not an alien in the sense of having off planet origins. However, I am not human." She pulled down her hood, "My race is an off-shoot of humanity. We call ourselves the Awoken."

The ginger boy awkwardly raised hia own hand, following Granger's example, "Ron Weasley... So, are you some sort of muggle soldier from the future?"

Lucius laughed aloud at that statement, "Trust me Weasley, this girl is not a muggle. She nearly killed me in a _practice _duel with an _unused _wand. Not to mention she burned a wand case out of existance using her own magic."

Ron gulped, "Bloody hell..."

Potter didn't even bother raising his hand, "How long did you serve?"

Stella eyed the Chosen One carefully, "I fought for two years after Hogwarts was destroyed. While defending a Cosmodrome in Russia, an alien serving the Darkness stabbed and killed me. Two thousand years later, I was resurrected by a Ghost and became a Guardian. I served seven years in the Vanguard, before the temporal displacement of-"

"Oh, this is absolute rubbish!" Everyone turned to stare at Hermione, who glared at Stella. "What you are saying is absoluely impossible! In order to travel back in time by muggle means, you would need a ship that travels faster than the speed of light. Einstein's Theory of Relativity specifically states that it is impossible to travel at the speed of light. By that logic, it should be impossible to go any faster."

"Impossible with today's technology you mean. I was born a thousand years from now, with different technology."

"Oh, is that so? I see no sign of this advanced technology. All I see is a girl with an unusual skin condit-"

Hermione got no further than that when Stella decided to shut her up. She darted forward, encased in a brilliant white light. Hermione yelled out, blinded, but was quickly cut off by an odd pressure on the bottom of her jaw. The spots cleared from everyone's eyes and they quickly began looking for the source of Hermione's abrupt silence.

Harry spotted the problem almost immediately, "Hermione... Don't move."

Stella had Hermione pinned to the wall with an odd looking hand gun that looked as if it had been carved from granite. That's not all that had changed. She now wore full body armor with a solid black dome helmet. The helmet vanished in a flickering blur, revealing a cool, unfeeling expression, "Still think I'm lying?"

Hermione stared into Stella's ethereal eyes, fear evident in her own, "B-but... How?"

The Guardian dropped the young witch, sliding her sidearm into its holster. "I'd let my Ghost explain it, but then we would be here for a week to learn basic trans-warp theory. Speaking of, Little Light, meet the wizards and witches we will be staying with until school begins."

The AI appeared with his customary flash of light, "Greetings, Magi. I am an Artificial Intelligence, Ghost class. It is my job to keep Stella alive."

Hermione took a shaky breath, "Okay... So a non-human witch from the future is going to school with us. Is there anything else we need to know?"

Lucius cleared his throat, "Ah... Miss Black and I are going to start a business in the muggle world. Arthur, I also need to apologize to your family for the way you've been treated. If you ever need anything, just ask."

The black haired man began coughing violently, "Wait, what?! Since when do I have a neice, and more importantly, since when does Lucius deal with muggles?"

"It's nice to see your priorities are in line," Stella commented dryly. "If I am related to you, then the blood has been diluted by at least a thousand years. As for Lucius, he and I will be creating a tech company. He'll be working on the business aspect. My Ghost and I will be reverse engineering some of the technology from my time."

Hermione frowned, "Wouldn't that alter the timeline and create a paradox that destroye-EEP!"

The bushy haired girl ducked down as Stella sighed in irritation and

drew her handgun, pointing it in her direction. "The moment I time travelled, I created an entirely new timeline. So, sorry princess, but I'm not going anywhere. Oh, and Draco, I believe you have something to tell Miss Granger and her here." She turned to the blond boy, pointing it at him.

Draco looked at her in surprise, "What are you- Oh... right." He grimaced and glanced at Hermione. "Er... I am sorry for calling you a mudblood. It was rude and uncalled for... How am I doing so far?"

Hermione looked at him with a mixture of shock and what appeared to be a tiny bit of respect. "I suppose it's a start... Can I ask you something? Why do you act that way? Both of us are witch and wizard, and yet you think I'm less than human? Why?"

Lucius sighed, "That would be my fault. Due to the history we have with muggles, we are taught to keep magic within the magical community. When magic crops up in muggles, we are supposed to stamp it out. Muggles hate witches and wizards, so we don't want them finding us and repeating the witch trials or the inquisition."

"But Mr. Malfoy, muggles don't think like that anymore. In fact, we learn about those events just so they won't happen again."

Lucius frowned, "It seems like muggles have changed so much since the witch trials... but the wizarding world is stuck in the past."

Stella nodded, "There's the understatement of the century... Keep going Draco."

He half-glared at the Chosen One, somehow unable to look at his rival with his usual hatred after hearing his father. "Potter."

Harry stared at him, fists clenched. "Is there something you need, Malfoy?"

The Malfoy scion just smirked and shook his head, "Slytherins may be known for being dark and bigoted, and yeah, we generally are... But we can be just as stubborn as you Griffindors. That is why I won't ask for forgiveness, neither of us care about that. However, I do wish to ask for an alliance. As the scions to our respective families, it would benefit us both." He held out his hand to shake.

Harry looked at Malfoy suspiciously before nodding, "I suppose I need to accept before the gun is pointed at me." The two of them shook hands stiffly.

The shaggy haired man watched for a moment before exclaiming, "This is good and all, but can we talk about getting me cleared of my murder charges?"

Lucius blinked in surprise, "That's right, Sirius. You need to be exonerated!" He shifted uncomfortably in his bonds. "Alastor, would you mind getting rid of these ropes? Oh, and maybe you should give Miss Black her wand back."

Mad-Eye grudgingly dispelled the ropes before handing Stella her

wand, "I have my eye on you, Death Eater."

"Yes, of course you do. Now, we need to get to the ministry and take care of a few things..."

6. Chapter 6

**Hello everybody. Sorry for not giving a proper intro on the last five chapters, but I was pressed for time, and I didn't write it on the original documents. Hopefully, I can get into the habit of doing that. Oh, I have a proper outro too! So, time to answer some questions!**

**I'm sure you have all been wondering when I'll start updating my BRS crossovers, and sometimes I wonder that myself. The problem is memory. I haven't read the fifth book in years, so it's a bit frustrating when you can't find your copy of the book to look up scenes and names. Also, I feel as though I have not done the characters properly. Sue me, I'm a perfectionist on accuracy.**

**Then there's the problem of extremely limited access to the computer. I am writing this on a pager whose programming is almost twenty years old! There isn't even spellcheck on this POC. I have to save these files on a SD card instead of a flash drive, and instead of the more common SDHC cards, it only accepts classic SD cards. But hey, I'm rolling along now.**

**Finally, review time. I'm writing this without internet access, so I don't have a name for you. About Stella's past, here's your answer. Wait and see.**

**I do not own Destiny, nor Harry Potter. If I did, I certainly wouldn't be using a Tungsten brand pager with Bluetooth version 1.1.**

This plan is never going to work...

Stella rolled her eyes, the motion hidden by her Obsidian Helm. The solid black dome of gleaming glass was part of her best armor set.

I'm telling you, nothing good will-

"Little Light, Mr. Malfoy has the experience here, so can it."

The blond man in question looked down at his unusual companions, a shaggy black dog, a floating, metal tetrahedron with a single eye, and a body-armor clad girl with a solid black helmet. The first one could probably be ignored, but the other two looked like they came straight from a muggle science fiction movie.

DML head Amelia Bones marched up to Mr. Malfoy, "Lucius, what is so important that you interrupt a... Why is there a dog with you?" She seemed resolute in an effort to ignore the other two...

Lucius glanced down at the dog, "Amelia, I would like you to meet Sirius Black. I have evidence to present that would completely exonerate him." He noticed her confusion and smirked. "Well, besides

the fact that he's an illegal Animagus."

Amelia frowned, "What are you..." Then it hit her and she turned to Sirius. "Oh, bloody fucking hell! Are you telling me this dog is Sirius Black?" The bear-like dog seemed to smile cheekily at her and she sighed wearily. "Why don't we take this to my office?"

Lucius nodded, "That would be best, we wouldn't want to incite mass panic, now would we?"

With a calmness derived from twenty-five years of law service she led them to her office, locking the door behind her. Turning, she nearly jumped out of her skin as the dog was replaced by the infamous Sirius Black, "Hello, Amy."

"Hello to you, Sirius. Lucius, start talking. This had better be some damned good evidence."

The platinum blond man chuckled, "Oh it is. Peter Pettigrew is alive and was the actual secret keeper for the Potters. Oh, and then there's the fact that the Dark Lord has indeed returned and has currently performed a hostile takeover of my own home. Alastor Moody, Kingsley Shacklebolt, and Nymphadora Tonks are retrieving my wife from Malfoy Manor at this moment under the guise of official ministry business. We will be relocating to our summer residence in Manchester. If you have any doubts of my sincerity, I can gladly say that I have said the same thing while under the influence of Veritaseurum. The test was administered by Alastor and in the presence of both Nymphadora Tonks and Arthur Weasley. I am here to ensure my cousin actually gets a fair trial."

Madam Bones groaned and rubbed her head, pulling a Wizengamot schedule to her, "Okay. We need a trial for Sirius. You might have to testify, of course. Sirius Black, you are released to the custody of the Malfoy family until your court date. The earliest I can get you in is... You're in luck. We have an opening next Tuesday, we can also have you registered as an Animagus then." She slammed the book shut and glanced at Stella and her Ghost. "What about this one?"

"Ah, Yes. Madam Bones, meet Stella Black, Warlock Class Guardian. She's actually from the future, but due to an unfortunate accident with her space ship and a warper engine, she crashed 3000 years in the past. The floating ball of metal is a Ghost, an Artificial Intelligence who assists her on missions."

The Head of the DML stared at Stella long and hard, "What's with the helmet?"

Stella cleared her throat, signaling for Lucius to stop talking. Saluting smartly, she spoke, "I'm not exactly human, ma'am. The helmet is so I'm not heckled by people thinking I have some sort of skin condition."

"Not... human? What do you mean?"

She sighed, "Try not to refer me to St. Mungo's. Though you wouldn't be the first." Her helmet vanished, revealing her grey skin and glowing eyes. "What I want is for the ministry to leave me in peace. My magical education was cut short due to an unexpected war, and I would like to finish my Seventh Year. I understand you have laws

concerning time travel, but as I arrived via non-magical means you have no jurisdiction over that. Also, because my race is actually descended from the Human Race through evolution, you cannot refuse my education on the grounds of being a magical creature."

She opened her mouth to speak again, but Amelia held up a finger, "If what you say is true, then you have every right to be a member of this society. Just try not to break any laws, that's all I ask. I will release the information on Sirius's trial, as well as Stella's story. Well, most of it. You may go wherever you wish, Stella. Welcome to the twenty-first century. Now, if that is all, I have a meeting to get to. Wait a few minutes before leaving the office. The rest of the ministry needs to hear the news." She grabbed an orange sheet of paper and wrote something on it. After a tap of her wand, it folded itself into an airplane and glided away. "Good day to you all. See you later, Sirius." She left the office, muttering about the Daily Prophet having a field day with this.

Stella put her helmet back on and glanced at Sirius, who was grinning like an idiot who thought he had just won a crucible tourney. "The last time I saw someone smiling like that, his head was blown off by a Sol Hammer. Don't celebrate prematurely. This woman may be one who gets things done, but you still have to beat the court system."

He grimaced, "Geez, it looks like the Guardian is a total buzzkill. Were you a Ravenclaw when you were in school?

Lucius looked at her curiously, "Acually, that is a good question. What house were you in?"

Stella frowned, trying to remember her life as a witch. "I... think it was Slytherin... or Ravenclaw. I can't be sure. All I remember is flying on a broom, green and blue robes flying around me."

Sirius laughed, "You play Quidditch? Excellent! Were you any good?"

She shrugged, "I can't really remember, but I think I was the seeker. Besides, it's been two thousand years since I have picked up a broom. The only thing I ride now is my sparrow."

Sirius snorted, "You fly a bird?"

Stella rolled her eyes under the helmet, "No, you idiot. The Sparrow is an all-terrain hoverbike used in long distance travelling." She paused as her Ghost spoke.

Guardian, I have just been informed that Alastor Moody's rescue mission was a partial success. Arthur Weasley says they will meet us at Manchester, and to be ready for a fight. Oh, did I mention that Arthur has no idea how to properly use a cell phone?

Luicius raise his eyebrows, "A hovering bicycle? That sounds a little ridiculous."

The Guardian march out of the office with a bit of urgency. "Save your opinions for later, Malfoy. Your summer home is currently under attack."

"What!? We need to get to the Atrium, we can take the Floo Network

from there!" He ran ahead of her, robes flying.

Sirius shifted into his dog form and followed them, barking excitedly.

**Okay, since I want to leave the chapter there, I think I'll give you lot a look at another Destiny crossover I'm working on. The appearance of the OC may be the same, but she's much different... Presenting, Project Guardian!**

Apocalypse, armageddon, extinction, the end of the world, life's final surprise on its path of self-destruction. Call it what you may, but a rose by any other name smells just as sweet. Now, that isn't saying that all extinction events are the same, just ask the Stegosaurus and the Dodo. However, the end result is always the same, Death. Death is the common thread that links all of creation. Eventually everything, even stars, dies. But what happens when Death comes to life?

...

Sand. Hot, dry sand as far as the eye can see. The desert is a cruel place to be, and not just because of the blistering heat. It is the silence that ends up being the most dangerous. An endless, unheard scream of rage and heat that smothers the land, crushing evrything into dry, lifeless husks. A person can lose themselves here. A part of them that makes them human can be driven out and replaced with insanity. This silence is rarely broken, but when it is, it is best to listen.

A short, gutteral grunt breaks the silence like a cannon blast, bringing attention to a lone figure. A man, stumbling across the dunes, seems mindless and incoherent. His clothes are filthy rags and his skin seems ragged and blackened. Some unheard sound in the distance gives him pause, and he looks up. The harsh, desert sun does nothing to soften his looks. Half of his face has been torn away, as if chewed off by a rabid creature and left there. The rest of it isn't much better. Decay and infection have set in, blackening his skin and giving off the smell of putrefication. He stands like this, this attempting to locate the diretion the sound came from. Without warning, his head vanishes in an explosion of bone and rotten meat. The walking corpse drops down with a soft thud, ready to be claimed by the endless sands of the desert.

Two and a half miles away, in the third story window of an old hotel, a teenage girl in full body armor pulls away from the scope of a massive sniper rifle. Her skin is a greyish-blue, and her messy black hair hides ethereal green eyes. This girl is Project Guardian, a rogue experiment created by the Umbrella Corporation to combat the T-Virus. She recently escaped a secret lab a little over three months ago, making sure to grab a few things along the way, one of which was a small black box, which contained the speaker for the Artificial Intelligence known as Ghost. Using a small, subcranial implant, Umbrella created a bond between the AI and the project. They could speak to each other telepathically, but she liked to actually hear his voice.

She sighed and leaned back in her seat, setting her sniper rifle down
"It is safe to say that I am officially bored out of my mind. Have you found anything interesting, Ghost?"

A soft hum resonated in her head. I am afraid not, Guardian. There are no Umbrella signals nearby, and you seem to be keeping the local infested population under check.

She rolled her eyes, "I just killed a target two miles away. There is nothing, living or otherwise, nearby, and the only thing I have to talk to is an Artificial Intelligence with a sense of humor dryer than the desert sands. Wonderful." She groaned and stood up, heading over to her bed. Picking up a solid black helmet and putting it on, she plopped down on the bed, "Armor activate."

A soft hiss could be heard as the armor sealed itself, preventing any airborne pathogens from infecting her, and creating a completely bulletproof set of armor from head to toe. She sighed, "We'll move out tonight, Ghost."

Of course, Guardian. Sleep well.

Five Hours Later

...

Guardian, please wake up. There are people in the building...

Hope you liked the preview. Oh, almost forgot about this little tidbit. I think I'm going to pair my Guardian with Tonk's in the Harry Potter crossover and then K-Mart in the Resident Evil story. Tell me what you think of the pairings in the review section. And could someone please give me K-Mart's actual name? Oh, and I need the names of some of the more major characters and parts in Resident Evil: Extinction. Do tge ever come across a hotel or orher building besides the main compound?

Ergo Mortem Pestifer Mundi...

7. Chapter 7

Hello again! I will only be answering reviews every other chapter, seeing as I an only read them every other time I publish something. That means sorry, but any questions will not be answered until the next chapter. On another note, I neet a very important question answered. I don't know which house to put Stella in, but I don't want it to be Griffindor or Hufflepuff, although I might make an exception for the Puffs. So, I want to know what you lot think. Based upon what you've seen of her so far, which of the three houses should Stella be in, Slytherin, Ravenclaw, or Hufflepuff? Oh, and what should I call the business Lucius will be making?

I do not own Destiny or Harry Potter.

Stella decided that travelling by Floo was her least favorite method of transport. She held her eyes shut as the dizzying vortex of sound, color, and random collection of fireplaces flew past her at a sickening pace. 'Traveller, kill me now!' Without warning, she shot out of Malfoy's fireplace like a living cannonball, slamming into a wall with a loud crash. Momentarily stunned, she barely reacted when Tonks grabbed and dragged her away from a blaze of curses and

hexes.

"Moody! They're here, get the barrier up!" The pink haired metamorphmagus propped Stella up against the wall, looking at her worriedly. "Hey, Space-girl, are you okay?"

Stella groaned, "I hate magical transportation..." She shook her head and stood. "How many hostiles?"

Tonks blinked, confused by the question, "How many whats?"

"Hostiles. Tangos. Contacts. How many people am I shooting at?"

"Oh! There's Yaxely, Crabbe, Goyle... Maybe a few more... Just aim at anything with a skull mask! Hey, what are you doing?!"

Stella had pulled a small device from a pouch on her leg and was fiddling with a glowing blue display hovering over it. "Negotiations and reconassiance." She deactivated the display and threw it past Sirius and Lucius, who dived behind the wall they were using as cover. "Attention, Assholes! This is Warlock Class Guardian speaking to the Death Eaters currently attacking. Cease your casting if you can hear me."

The Death Eaters had already stopped cursing when her voice began blasting out of the little device. A woman's voice, mocking and childlike, responded, "Aww, is the wittle Warlock scared to speak to-"

She cut the woman off coldly, "You are currently attacking an Auror, Ministry official, an ex-Auror, a prominent wizarding family, as well as Sirius Black and myself. While we would normally kill you for this offense, we will gladly accept your surrender. Throw down your wands and turn yourse-"

A rough, feral voice growled, "Shut up, girlie. I don't think you understand. We are going to kill all of you, including the blood traitors! Aveda Kedavra!"

Stella jerked her head to the side as her speaker was destroyed, causing high pitched feedback in her helmet. "Okay... We have eight Death Eaters. Shouldn't be too hard." She stood and began walking into the open.

Moody scoffed, "Eight? We need to retreat, lass. There's no way- What the blazes do you think you're doing, girl? Get back here!"

She ignored the protests from the others, staring down the female Death Eater and a somewhat rabid looking man. "You will not surrender?"

"Never!" The woman screeched, raising her wand. "Aveda Kedavra!"

Stella didn't even budge as the green blast of light slammed into her shields, causing a quarter drop and eliciting a scream from Tonks. "That was the wrong answer." She held out her hands, and the LMG Extreme Prejudice appeared in a flash. The Death Eaters, having no clue what a LMG was, sat there for a moment before she opened fire on

them.

The woman dove to the side as her partner practically vanished in a hail of fifty calibre lead slugs. "Return fire! Piercers and explosives!"

Stella switched out the LMG for the pulse rifle Murmur and darted forward. A Death Eater whipped around, wand ready to cast, but never even got the chance. She whipped out her hand and slammed it into his chest. There was a bright explosion of purple light, and the man vanished with a sharp hiss, dropping his wand to the floor.

Something slammed into her shields, nearly destroying them. She spun around, firing at the first human she saw. The woman from before gave an ungodly shriek of pain as her wand arm was torn apart from hand to elbow. Stella leapt over her wailing form, firing at the remaining Death Eaters. She saw them reaching into their cloaks and vanishing in a swirling blue light. Not being one to allow enemies to escape, she fired at a particularly short one, nailing him in the chest and crushing whatever he was reaching for. The man hit the floor with an odd squeal.

Landing with a soft thump, Stella inspected her handiwork. Seeing no more targets, she called out, "All clear. Two dead and two captured."

Moody and Tonks slowly walked up to the carnage, incredulous looks on their faces. Tonks coughed, "You... You just took on eight dark wizards... without any magic..."

She cleared her throat, her helmet hiding a growing blush of embarrassment, "Erm... Not really. I did vaporize that guy..." She pointed at the smoking wand.

Moody grunted, "You killed Fenrir Greyback and Rhodolphus Lestrange, and captured Bellatrix Lestrange and..." He began laughing as he learned the identity of the second prisoner. "Peter Pettigrew! You caught Pettigrew!"

Sirius whooped with joy and wrapped Stella in a bone crushing hug, spinning her around. "I could kiss you right now, Guardian!"

Stiffly, Stella shook her head, "Don't even think about it, dog breath."

Sirius just laughed and dropped her, dancing around Peter's unconscious form.

Stella watched him for a moment before crouching down and picking up Rhodolphus's smoldering wand. Her helmet hid the turmoil within her. She was a Guardian, a defender of humanity. Sure, she was glad that they had won, but at what cost? Two humans died by her hand, and another would probably never be able to use her hand again...

"You okay, Space-girl?" Tonks gingerly put her hand on Stella's shoulder, concern in her eyes.

She nodded sharply and dropped the wand, walking away. The disturbed

Guardian didn't trust herself to talk.

Moody stood by Tonks, the two of them watching Stella. "Tell me what you see, Tonks."

"I... She seems shattered. As if she just lost a major part of herself."

Alastor nodded, "My guess is that this is the first time she's killed a human. It sounds like the Guardian Vanguard will be created to kill any threat to humanity. That means she just went against every oath, code, and moral she has in order to defend us." He stomped off to deliver a message to the ministry, leaving Tonks on her own.

The pinkette stared in the direction Stella disappeared in. A strange pang of emotion shot through her, unfamiliar yet strong. "I'm sorry, Stella... We should have never asked for your help..."

**Hope you guys enjoyed Chapter Seven of The Warlock's Destiny. The drill is the same, let me know what you liked, didn't like, and what confused you. Now, I know this chapter is much shorter than the rest, but it was written to show a small portion of Stella's fighting style. The next one will be longer. In fact, it might have some TonksXStella. Which reminds me, anyone have a good pairing name?**

**Ego Mortem Pestifer Mundi.**

**PS. Kudos to the lucky one who can figure out what my outro means.**

**This is a preview of an actual book I am writting, titled "The Department." Enjoy**

New York City, NY

Cold, harsh rain pounded the streets of Brooklyn, soaking the residents of the run down residential area and one man in a rumpled suit. His messy hair and five o'clock shadow only accented his weariness and severe jet lag. He stood under a lamp post, staring at a collection of flashing police lights and yellow tape. Sighing, the man trudged through the ankle deep water, a look of resignation on his face. A portly officer with a walrus mustatch held the tape up for him as he flashed a silver badge at him.

The walrus officer shook his hand and directed him to the crime scene, "Glad you could make it Agent Smith, I'm Deputy Barnes." The man had to almost yell for his baritone voice to be heard over the dull roar of the storm above. "Sorry we couldn't get a tent set up for you, but the call came in only two minutes ago."

John Smith nodded and glanced around, "What do we know so far?"

Deputy Barnes cleared his throat, "Well, it's not too pretty. When we first got here, we thought we had stumbled onto some B-Grade Horror movie set. The forensics team was able to get some pictures of the thing before the rain washed it away, I'll have someone get you those, but even without the crazy weather, there was almost no evidence."

Agent Smith looked at the officer sharply. "What do you mean by 'almost'?"

Barnes shifted uncomfortably in his wet uniform. "The forensics team found a black knife with some weird engraving on the handle. It was next to the body."

He nodded, "I think I can find the body from here. Have the forensics team prepare a file of all evidence found so far. Once that's done, you and your men can go home. We'll contact you if there are any questions." Leaving the sputtering sputtering man behind, he pulled out a phone and hit redial.

The line only rang once before picking up. "Report."

Barnes stopped mid protest as he heard the Agent's response. "This is Agent Smith. The New York lead is positive. We have photography and a knife. I need a clean-up team on my location."

"Good work, agent. Clean-up is already en-route. They have a forensics team with them. Are the locals gone?"

Smith eyed Barnes coolly, "The Walrus needs to give the order, but they should be gone within the minute. Otherwise they'll be arrested for interfering with a federal investigation."

The deputy blanched and began barking orders into his radio. Almost immediately, men and women began moving for their cruisers, not questioning the urgent commands to clear out. He began walking away, but turned to look at Agent Smith, "If you don't mind me asking, what business does the FBI have with a murder on the streets of Brooklyn?"

The man gave him a tired smile, "As the age old adage goes... I could tell you, but then I would have to kill you. Enjoy your evening, Deputy. This investigation is no longer your problem."

Deputy Barnes swallowed thickly, and nodded, "Right... Good luck, Agent Smith."

John watched the man climb into his own cruiser and drive off, leaving him alone with the tattered yellow tape and a corpse. He cleared his throat. "You still there?"

An amused, southern drawl spoke from the phone, "Nah, they mysteriously lost connection about a minute and a half ago. Did you seriously have to use that line on the poor guy? I mean, it's been used so many times that I'm embarrassed for you."

The exhausted man groaned, "Athena... What on Earth possessed you to hack into a secure line? And why do you get to say what I need to say?"

"Eh, the jab at you was just for fun. You shouldn't say stuff like that when you know me, Mr. Matrix."

John grit his teeth at the girl's antics. "What do you want, LeBeu?"

"Oh, looks like someone missed his morning joe." She laughed. "We got a hit. Some guy in Texas is showing up as a Class Six."

The man blinked in surprise, his irritation lost, "A Class Six? Does McGregor know yet?"

"Nope. I figured I should let you know first, seeing as this came up on one of my programs."

He nodded, "Good. I want it to stay that way until we have the recruit." A set of headlights coming around to turn made him look up. "I have to go, clean-up is here. Have the team prepped and ready to leave in thirty minutes." He hung up, not waiting for a response. As he flagged down a pair of unmarked, black vans, he began regretting the decision to quit smoking. He was sure that all of this stress was causing ulcers in his gut.

Men in black military fatigues poured from the vans, setting up full-spectrum cameras and raiding the forensics tent. John ignored all of that; as interesting as a regular person would find it, he was more intrigued by the body lying eagle spread on the ground. He pulled out his phone, opening up the recorder, "Alfred Jones, age 18. Class Three Paranormal. Telekinetic. Cause of death... Blood loss, just like the last five victims. Victim was drained of his blood via four vertical slashes along the insides of his legs and forearms. A fifth cut has been made horizontally across victim's throat. This wound appears to be post mortem. I estimate-"

John paused, staring at the mouth. It appeared to be bulging out slightly, almost as if... Looking around to make sure no one was watching, he pulled out a pair of latex gloves and put them on. Carefully, he pried the mouth open, where he was met with a gruesome sight. The telekinetic's tongue had been torn out and replaced with a stone. The stone had a single set of oriental symbols carved into it. Quickly, he snapped a picture of it with his phone. That was going to Athena... On a whim, he reached for the eyes and opened them. Same thing. Both of them had been removed and replaced with carved stones. He snapped a picture of both and then closed the eyes and mouth. Checking the ears, he noted that they had a third set of symbols carved directly into the flesh of the earlobe. John took photographs of both ears and sat back with a sigh.

While the stones were certainly interesting, discovering the body was nothing. In fact, this was the fifth time in the past two months that a recruit had been murdered before a retrieval team could reach them. Frankly, it was alarming.

"Well, look what the cat dragged in."

John glanced up in irritation at a familiar voice, "What do you want, Oberon?"

8. AN

*ALL STORIES HAVE BEEN DISCONTINUED UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE...*

I sincerely regret to inform everyone that I must discontinue all stories until further notice. Even my book has been cancelled... I have been fighting my parents over this for years now. Unfortunately,

they dislike me writing and think that I am unable to write anything original or of interest. This week has been utterly brutal on my mental capabilities, and I am starting to believe them. As I recently remembered, One can only push so much before something breaks. Well, I have reached my breaking point.

As someone who suffers from Asperger's Syndrome (a form of Autism if you don't know...), I use writing, music, and art in order to help me empathize and feel what a regular person feels. As of right now, I have completely given up on all of it... I am truly sorry. Hopefully, something will change... Unfortunately, by then it might be too late.

Signing off for what might be the last time:

*Ego Mortem Pestifer Mundi.*

End
file.